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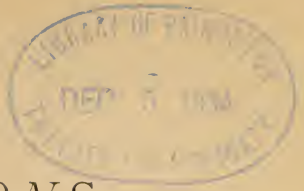




*IMITATIONS FROM THE GERMAN OF  
SPITTA AND TERSTEGEN.*







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*IMITATIONS*

FROM

*THE GERMAN OF SPITTA AND  
TERSTEGEN.*

BY

Emily Augusta

LADY DURAND.

LONDON :

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THE REV. ALEXANDER DUFF, D.D., LL.D.



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PART I.



FROM SPITTA'S

“PSALTER UND HARFE.”



# IMITATIONS FROM THE GERMAN.

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## THE APPEARANCE OF CHRIST.

(ERSCHEINUNG CHRISTI.)

CHRIST, Who in Death's night of darkness  
As a Shining Light did'st come ;—  
Seeking Thee in Herod's Palace,  
Vainly did my spirit roam.  
Found I there all dazzling splendour ;  
Joys enchaining sense and mind :  
Yet my craving heart was empty :—  
Thee, alone, I could not find.

Forth I went to men of learning ;  
Versed in Scripture-lore were they :  
But from wise and subtle spirits  
Jacob's Star concealed its ray.  
Of the Light that had appeared  
They spoke, also, to the blind :  
Yet all vain my search amongst them—  
Christ Himself I could not find.

Came I then within the precincts  
Of the Temple's holy ground :  
Sacrificial Fire was burning ;  
Radiant brightness gleamed around.  
Here conceiving of His Presence,  
Yet I found Him not at last :  
Quitting then thy walls, O Salem,  
On to Bethlehem I passed.

Lonely through the street I wandered ;  
Far and near was heard no sound :  
All was silent and deserted ;  
And no passing guide I found.  
But, at length, I saw above me,  
Through the gloom, a bright Star shine :—  
Thus, through seeking and believing,  
Christ Himself at last was mine !

Only seek—so shalt thou find Him !

Only faint not, nor despair ;

Do not check thy heart's keen yearning,

Which thy God hath kindled there !

Follow on, in trustful patience ;

Faithful to His teaching live :

Light from Heaven above shall guide thee :—

Light from Heaven the Star doth give.

## EASTER.

(OSTERFEIER.)

WITH brighter glory, Easter Sun,  
Shine forth upon thy way ;  
For my Redeemer, and thy Lord,  
Rose from His grave this day !  
Thou didst hide in veil of darkness  
When He bowed His Head to die :—  
But now shine forth—thy Master  
Has risen up on High !

Earth, in thy tranquil beauty lie  
Thy calm blue skies beneath :  
Thy Lord deserts thee not—His Arm  
Hath burst the gates of death.  
When He breathed forth His Spirit,  
Thy mighty rocks were riven.  
Greet now The newly Living ;  
Steeped in soft light from Heaven !



But thou, my soul—how dost thou keep  
And celebrate the day  
When Christ with strong arm left the grave,  
And bore its might away ?  
Bringeth the dawn of Easter .  
True Easter-joy to thee ;—  
Telleth to all thy gladness  
How great this Jubilee ?

Out of the deep death-night of sin  
Hast thou with Christ arisen ;—  
From bondage hast thou struggled free ;  
Or art thou still in prison ?  
Still in thy sin's dark dwelling  
Lying concealed and dead,  
Doth Easter-Morning bring thee  
No glorious Morning-Red ?

O hasten forth—by sin's black night  
No longer covered be !  
Thy Lord hath risen from the dead  
That He might waken thee.  
Come, rise from sleep—The Master  
The soul from death would save :  
To the New Life He calls thee ;—  
Arise from out thy grave !

See, rich in mercy, He extends  
To thee His piercèd Hands ;  
And lovingly He sets thee free  
From death's strong icy bands.  
From Him fear no rebuking  
Who waits each soul to bless :  
Rise to the New Life's rapture—  
Thy new-found happiness !

Rise quickly to that Life, O Soul,  
For thou hast slept too long !  
He, Who hath tasted death for thee,  
For life will make thee strong.  
Only first venture forward,  
Though weak and all untried ;  
He Who awaked thee walketh  
For ever by thy side.

O ponder and consider not  
So long, *how* thou must go !  
Such thoughts but make thee more inert,  
And thy steps more faint and slow.  
No help He will deny thee ;—  
Go forth without alarm !  
Thy Lord, when thou art weary,  
Will bear thee on His Arm.

*Imitations from the German.* 7

That thou should'st waken and arise,  
Thy Saviour rose on High,  
To draw thee out of Sin's hard bonds  
Into bless'd liberty.  
He casting off the fetters  
Thou worest as a slave,  
Thine old life lies behind thee,  
As a dark and empty grave !

“MY SOUL THIRSTETH FOR THE LIVING  
GOD.”

(“MEINE SEELE DÜRSTET NACH DEM LEBENDIGEN  
GOTT.”)

Ask not why my soul doth languish ;—  
Ask not why the sad tears start :  
Thirst for God hath filled my spirit ;  
Yearning love consumes my heart.  
Give me all that earth can offer ;  
Nought this craving void shall fill :  
Without God, all poor and empty,  
Through the world I wander still.

Glory, beauty, wealth, abundance,  
Art, and science—none can give  
Stillness to the spirit's yearning :—  
None can give it strength to live.  
Strength for life, for love, for sorrow,  
Patient faith when joy is gone,  
Joyful courage in life's partings,  
Gives the Living God alone.

Human Art's imaginations,  
Like to heathen fancies vain,  
Are but vapour ; and their workings  
Cannot ease the spirit's pain.  
So all fancy-painted symbols,  
Drawing thought and mind abroad,  
Set no barrier to the longing  
That cries out alone for God.

Ah, when shall I reach the Country  
Where, no more in vision dim,  
God's own Face at last beholding,  
I may rest alone in Him ?  
When shall I possess him wholly ;  
Into Him engrafted be,  
So that nought shall tear me from Him,  
As His Word hath promised me ?

When shall His Blest Spirit's Fulness  
All my living energies  
Consecrate to His Own Service,  
Blending all my will with His ?  
When shall all my eager longings  
Sink and merge into the one  
That His Work may stand and prosper,  
To His Glorious Praise alone ?

Ah, I know the once-roused yearning  
Shall not always grief remain !  
He, Who set the spirit thirsting,  
Will at last relieve its pain.  
When it leaves this dreary desert  
For the blessed Eden Shore,  
Where Life's stream for ever floweth ;—  
Then shall all its thirst be o'er.

“THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.”

(“DER HERR IST MEIN HIRT.”)

I KNOW Thy Voice, my Shepherd,  
And strive to follow Thee ;  
Though slow, and often failing,  
My feeble footsteps be.  
O-let me ever listen  
To the guiding of Thy Love ;  
That from Thy blessèd pathway  
My steps may never rove !

Thy rod and staff console me  
When dangers near me lie :  
When trouble is the greatest,  
I feel that thou art nigh.  
When all my courage leaves me,  
And my strength grows ever less,  
Thou still shalt give me counsel,  
And succour in distress.

Often the thought comes o'er me,  
Musing in sorrow lone,  
"What fate shall yet betide me,  
Ere night's dark shades are gone?"  
Then cometh sudden brightness,  
And my heart is glad again  
Awhile—yet clouds will gather,  
Returning after rain.

Often I sadly ponder  
On the Future's aspect drear ;  
Its darkness haunts my spirit,  
And fills my soul with fear.  
Then speaks Thy Word, with healing,  
Consolingly to me :—  
Thus finds my heart contentment,  
And quiet rest in Thee.

Full oft sin's wounds, though hidden,  
Arouse my bitter grief,  
Till Thou dost come to bind them,  
And bring my heart relief.  
I sink upon the journey,  
In weariness and pain :  
But Thou art near, to strengthen,  
And raise me up again.



Thou Giver of all blessing,  
    My Shepherd ! I would seek  
To follow Thee at all times ;  
    But I am faint and weak.  
O draw me on, and help me,  
    When all my strength is gone !  
If Thou but carest for me,  
    I am no more alone.

It may be but a moment  
    Till the sorrow shall be past ;  
And Thou wilt lead me homeward,  
    To the Father's House at last.  
Then shall Thy faithful guidance,  
    In these painful earthly days,  
Throughout the long "For Ever"  
    Be my song of thanks and praise.

## WORK IN THE LORD.

(DIE ARBEIT IN DEM HERRN.)

WHATE'ER thou doest in the Lord shall well succeed ;  
The glory His—the blessing all for thee :  
He gives the right intention, and fulfils the deed.  
In great and small things, He will ever be  
Maker and Lord of all. With hearts in heaven above,  
And hands upon our work—thus shall it stable prove.

There is no work so small before The Master's sight  
That He doth not stand by, His help to lend,  
That it may prosper ; and to arm thee with His might,  
And bring it all Himself to such an end,  
That thou with joy the finished work may'st see :  
Ask but His Aid in all—thus all shall perfect be.

He knoweth how in quiet rest the heart to hold,  
If wearisome and hard the work appear :  
In the cold work He lets thy spirit not grow cold ;  
He chaseth from the brow the lines of care :  
He giveth patience, industry, and much more still ;  
And doth each loving action with His Blessing fill.

And if He walks with thee, He scatters not thy might ;  
But, gathering all together, He doth shed  
Over thy handiwork a radiant, joy-clear light,  
That so its weariness be banishèd :  
And for the work which by His help thou dost achieve,  
From His own Hand thy soul the guerdon shall receive.

O blessèd life, to have Him ever in our sight :—  
To speak with Him at all times ; and His Voice  
To hear, refreshing soul and spirit, day and night !  
Thus in His living Friendship to rejoice  
With joy that to the world is mystery unknown,  
As, also, is the ease with which our work is done.

“ALL WELL!”

(“GETROST!”)

O HOW many an hour of gladness  
From our God have we received ;  
And how many a grievous heart-wound  
Has His healing touch relieved !

When the sun shone hotly o’er us—  
When our hearts were weak and low,  
How hath He revived our spirit,—  
Wiped the moisture from our brow !

And, however long the warfare,  
There is victory at last ;  
And He takes us to His Glory  
When the pilgrimage is past.

Clad no more in pilgrim-garments  
Shall we reach the Fatherland ;  
But in robes of festal brightness  
In His longed-for Presence stand.

Should not this make glad thy spirit,  
    Make thy heart lie calm and still :  
Waiting only for His leading ;  
    Leaving all things to His will ?

All shall serve for thy well-being,  
    If thy heart in Him confide :  
Only wait a little longer ;—  
    Calmly, patiently abide.

E'en the bitterest and hardest  
    Serves for blessing, not for loss :  
Thou art not the only pilgrim  
    Who has learned to bless his cross.

Pathless heights rise steep before thee  
    On Faith's journey evermore ;  
If thou canst not climb their summits,  
    God Himself will bear thee o'er.

Only,—with eyes uplifted,  
    Still in faith and hope endure :  
On thy homeward way press forward,  
    Heart and longing true and pure.

Fearlessly, and without trembling,  
Walk in the dark valley here :  
God's blue heaven is ever o'er thee,  
Free and open, calm and clear.

FOR THE YOUNG.

(FÜR DIE JUGEND.)

THOU Father over all the children-hearts  
That here on earth are found ;—  
To Whom the children's song of thanks and praise  
Rings forth with joyful sound :—  
O Father, let them evermore rejoice,  
As children, in Thy Love ;  
Yet may their hearts with quick remorse be touched,  
When from Thy ways they rove !

Thy Spirit's discipline, whilst life is fresh,  
Grant them to feel and know.  
The soul that early seeks Thy loving Grace  
Rests free from later woe.  
Waken their hearts from all delusive dreams  
Of long life yet to be :  
Many a blossom, ere it comes to fruit,  
Falls, withered, from the tree.

Let them, O Lord, as plants of righteousness,  
Here in Earth's Garden stand ;  
Yet training only for the fuller life  
In the sweet Fatherland.  
In Thine own Vineyard may their tender growth  
Thy fostering care employ :  
Cherish and guard the good and precious shoots.  
The evil ones destroy !

O fill them with Thy Grace, and may Thy Love  
Their souls' best powers engage :  
Lord, call them early, lovingly to Thee,  
And guard their heritage !  
In life and death, O Father, make them Thine ;  
Ordered in all by Thee :  
As heirs of Life, conduct them at the last  
Into Eternity !



THE BEAUTY OF NATURE

(DIE SCHÖNHEIT DER NATUR.)

REJOICE in Earth's fair beauty ;  
    'Tis worthy of delight ;—  
The glorious splendour that our God  
    Strews forth before our sight !

And yet, 'tis but the Footstool,  
    Rich garnished, for His Feet :  
His creature fraught with wonder-works,  
    In loveliness complete.

In Sun and Moon rejoice thou,  
    And in each radiant star ;  
As, o'er our valley wandering,  
    They bless us from afar.

Yet are they but creations,  
    By The Hand Almighty sown  
Along the wide-spread drapery  
    That falls about the Throne.

If in His Throne and Footstool

Such glorious lustre be ;

What at His Heart may we conceive

Of Bliss and Radiancy !

SPRING'S WONDERS.

(FRÜHLINGSWUNDER.)

WINTER's dark hours are over ;  
The snow and rain are past :  
Life, that was captive held by Death,  
Breaks from her bonds at last.  
All, that so long lay sleeping  
In the darksome winter-night,  
Stirs mightily—and soon shall stand  
All glorious in the light.

God sends His Breath, life-giving,  
To wave through wood and plain :  
Voices from Nature's graves awake,  
And her life-blood flows again.  
Her face in beauty gloweth ;  
And, with swelling verdure rife,  
In the valleys and the mountain-sides  
Burst thousand germs of life.

Sweet blossoms open, trembling ;  
    Their casements, here and there,  
Strike out their heads inquiringly  
    Into the soft mild air.  
There sounds the bird's loud carol  
    Joyful amidst the bowers ;—  
“ Yes, Spring again is with us now :  
    Come forth, come forth, ye Flowers ! ”

“ Life has from Death arisen ! ”  
    Resounds on every side :  
And the blue heaven laugheth joyously,  
    And Earth smiles like a bride.  
O Soul, be full of gladness,  
    This miracle to see :  
God sends His Breath, restoring life,  
    And Spring comes forth for thee !

SUNDAY MORNING.

(SONNTAGSFRÜHE.)

My heart is bright with joy ;  
A Day of blessing sheds its ray :  
There is the clear sound ringing forth,  
“ Come to God’s House to-day ! ”

To-day, when He shall speak,  
Open thy heart, and keep thee still :  
Cease from the labours of thy hands,  
When God would work His Will.

’Tis Open House to-day :  
The hungry souls He portioneth  
With Living Bread ; that all who eat  
May never taste of death.

To-day, The Faithful Sower  
Goes forth, the good seed scattering :  
There, in each spirit where it dwells,  
Rich harvest it shall bring.

To-day, The Shepherd True  
His sheep and lambs together leads  
To pastures fresh, where water-springs  
Flow through sweet grassy meads.

To-day, The Great Physician,  
Who heals our souls from every ill,  
Stands rich in help, in word and deed,  
Each pain and grief to still.

This is a Day of Blessing ;  
And joyful voices seem to say  
In the Bells' clear tones, "Come forth, O Soul,  
To the House of God to-day !"

“HOW LONG WILL YE LOVE VANITY?”

(“WIE HABT IHR DAS EITLE SO LIEB?”)

ETERNITY draws nearer ;—

Time hastens fast away :

Mark'st thou its flight with gladness,

Or would'st thou bid it stay ?

Hast thou but tears and sighing

For that which hastens past ;

And knows thy heart no yearning

For higher joys, that last ?

Receivest thou life's being

From what this world has given ;

And hast thou never tasted

The powers of Life from Heaven ?

Does Heaven seem strange and distant—

Is Earth thine only home ?

How shall it be, O Mortal,

When death's dark hour is come !

Bethink thee of the issue

When earthly days are o'er :

What doth this vain life promise

When Time shall be no more ?

Soon shall its course be finished ;

Thy heart shall cease to move :—

Shall the grave beneath thee open,

But not the Heaven above ?

O let not sinful fancies

Thy spirit's breath destroy !

Seek, in the time accepted,

The Life that brings true joy :

One only can impart it ;—

The Life Himself, Who saith

“ He that believeth, liveth ;

And dying, sees not death.”



LIFE AND FULL SUFFICIENCY IN JESUS.

(LEBEN UND VOLLE GENÜGE IN JESU.)

JESUS, my Sun, before Whose beams  
Night's shadows quickly flee ;—  
Jesus, my Bliss, Who drivest far  
All grief and misery !

One clear sound ringeth in my heart  
Where'er I stand or move ;—  
O Son of God, Thou Holy One,  
How wondrous is Thy Love !

One instinct ever fills my soul,  
Deep, heavenly, and clear ;  
Unceasingly it seems to say,  
“ Thy one sole aim is here ! ”

Yes, I would fain for this one Pearl  
Sell all that I possess ;  
All joys that constitute a life  
Of earthly happiness.

In silent gladness, from my heart  
All things I would remove,  
That from His Presence can divide,  
Or rob me of His Love.

If separate from Thee, my Lord,  
No other life I know :  
Thou art my soul's true Element,  
Through which its life must flow.

Living in Thee, I am secure ;  
No more I know of death ;  
For sin—my spirit's only foe—  
Thy strong Hand vanquisheth.

I know no more of sorrow now :  
No trials that betide,  
Thou Well-spring of all blessedness,  
Can part me from Thy side.

Yea, if I only have Thy Love,  
No other joy I crave ;  
And, with a beggar's staff alone,  
I royal riches have.

Already am I, here on earth,  
Thus blest, and light of heart :  
What, then, shall be my portion *There*,  
When all earth's clouds depart ?

Then death all untold bliss will bring ;  
And I possess shall be  
Of the Eternal throne and crown  
God's mercy gives to me.

Without Thy blessing Love, O Lord,  
My spirit had been lost ;  
Left floating, helpless and alone,  
On life's wild ocean tost :—

But Thou hast to the Haven blest  
Brought in my weary heart ;  
And, full of peace, I rest in Thee,  
For Thou my Saviour art.

## THE SERVANT OF THE LORD

(DER DIENER DES HERRN.)

O HIGHLY blessed servant,  
Who ever ready stands,  
In joyful singleness of heart,  
To do his Lord's commands :—  
Who, as a child, delighteth  
To serve Him night and day ;  
And sore bewaileth every sin  
That leads his feet astray !

Thy heart and glance thou hangest  
On the Beloved Lord :  
Each moment finds thee close to Him,  
And listening for His Word.  
No warning loud thou needest ;  
But, silently and still,  
Close following The Master's steps,  
Thou canst foresee His Will.

The burden laid upon thee  
Is scarce felt by thy heart :  
Thou thinkest, " He who sent the load  
Will also strength impart."  
E'en through thy tears thou smilest ;  
And, when bowed down by woes,  
On thy Beloved Redeemer's Heart  
Thou findest sure repose.

There, blessèd, weep thou freely ;  
To Him thy griefs reveal :  
He, Who far greater ones endured,  
Can for thy sorrows feel.  
To Him pour out thy trouble,  
Who ever waits to hear ;—  
Who, in compassion, gave Himself,  
His children's griefs to bear.

And thy heart in bliss abideth ;  
And thy foot walks forth in light :  
Thus, as thy Sun, He shineth down,  
Breaking through clouds of night.  
From Him all blessing cometh,  
And leadeth back to Him ;  
Therefore on Him thy gaze is fixed,  
Piercing all earth-clouds dim.

How blessèd is thy portion ;—  
How well is it with thee,  
Thus, with thy whole life's earnestness,  
To serve Him faithfully !  
In comfort and in trouble,  
In good and evil days,  
In joy, and in affliction's hour,  
To follow in His Ways !

Thus in our Lord's dear Service  
The time flies quickly past ;  
And, ere our hearts can think of it,  
We reach the Place at last.  
Then, pressing on in boldness,  
To The Father's House we come,  
Where the servant shall for evermore  
Rest with his Lord at Home.

THE SONG OF SONGS.

(DAS LIED DER LIEDER.)

A BLESSED Song of songs there is:—when thou hast  
learned its strain,  
Unweariedly thou singest it, again and yet again.  
No heart of man, hath framed that Song, so rich in all  
delight;—  
So full of deep instruction, and of earnestness and might.

It singeth of a Love, which chaseth all Life's griefs away,  
Like clouds that melt and vanish at the breaking of the  
day.

So do all sorrows disappear, and all our cares depart,  
When rightly we intone that Song of Beauty from the  
heart.

## "REJOICE IN THE LORD ALWAYS."

("FREUET EUCH IN DEM HERRN ALLEWEGE.")

REJOICE in God at all times,  
His Mercy and His Love ;  
Be not inert in gladness  
That cometh from above.  
Shall He pour forth the fulness  
Of Living Joy in vain ?  
The bliss thy Lord would give thee  
Shall cure thy heart's worst pain.

He first to Earth's sad country  
The wondrous Blessing brought  
Which, after sin's sharp anguish,  
Delight unspoken wrought.  
O pure Joy-Fountain, springing  
Amid the desert drear ;—  
Where draws each thirsting spirit  
The healing waters clear !



Was it for you all vainly  
That Angels, from the Height,  
The joyous Christmas Tidings  
Brought, in the Blessed Night ?  
Praised not those Angel Herald  
The joy that yours should be ;—  
And stand ye, sad and grief-worn,  
Powerless that joy to see ?

Shall Zion's Daughter glory  
In the Coming of her King ;—  
And will ye shun the gladness  
That to Him might honour bring ?  
When palms ye should be bearing,  
And glad " Hosannas " cry,  
Will ye stand and weep, faint hearted,  
As the joyous crowds pass by ?

And His great Love unfathomed—  
Hath it not done all well ?  
Remains there aught unfinished,  
Or wanting to us, still ?  
His children's joy to perfect,  
And render safe from loss,  
He bore their sins' sore burden,  
And laid it on His Cross.

And stands He not victorious  
Over the dark grave's power ;—  
The bonds of fear and anguish  
Bursting, in Death's drear hour ?  
He lives, our souls to quicken,  
And His own Joy impart :—  
Speaks to the sad, " Whom seek'st thou ?  
" Why weepest thou, poor heart ? "

He poureth down salvation  
From The Father's Throne on High ;  
And from the saints' far dwellings  
Rings forth a joyful cry ;—  
Triumphant songs of gladness  
For The Saviour's Victory :  
He hath conquered, and shall conquer,  
Till all foes before Him lie.

To the souls that know and love Him  
What joy shall then be given,  
When He cometh in His Glory,  
Amid the clouds of Heaven !  
How will He save and bless them ;—  
Yea, recompense His own ;  
And lead them to the City  
Prepared by God alone !

There, on their heads for ever  
Rest glory and delight :—  
There, no more sun is needed ;  
No more the moon's soft light.  
There, in The Father's Presence,  
Within His Light they lie ;  
Partakers of His Glory,  
And of Eternity !

To you this bliss belongeth,  
Because Christ's own are ye ;—  
Because your souls He purchased,  
And He hath made you free.  
Shall not your hearts be joyful  
In Him, your Master True ?  
Can ye still weeping linger,  
As though no Christ ye knew ?

For ever, O redeemed ones,  
Glad hearts to Him up-raise !  
Let Joy reign daily o'er you ;  
Each day sing forth His Praise.  
Each day be Love's own offering  
Of thanks and gladness given ;—  
So shall ye train your spirits  
For perfect Joy in Heaven.

## THE TIME OF DROUGHT.

(DIE DÜRRE ZEIT.)

LIFE often seems so dreary ;—

The heart so void and bare ;

As if no spark of love or faith

Were still remaining there.

The Healing, that had oft-times

Our spirits' life restored,

Seems far away :—and yet such hours

Bring blessing from The Lord.

Yearning, we seek His Presence,

When He leaves us thus alone :

We would clasp Him to our fainting hearts,

And hold Him for our own.

Then the soul, with tears, like Jacob,

Would wrestle and implore,

Till the strife is hers—and “ Israel ”

Is her name for evermore.

In hours like these, of sadness,  
Our spirits feel aright  
The misery of all life here  
When He is far from sight.  
How, through this earthly desert,  
Could our weary spirits move,  
Were not our tear-fare sweetened oft  
By Jesus' wondrous Love ?

These are the Soul's true fast-times,  
When far He seems to go ;  
And the heavy burden of our sins  
We learn, alone, to know.  
Then doth His Grace restore us,  
In penitence and prayer ;  
And for the glorious Feasting-Day  
He doth our souls prepare.

The Lord His own time chooseth  
For blessing and relief:  
He gives the glimpse of joyousness  
After the bitter grief.  
His gracious rain He poureth  
Into the arid soul ;  
And leads us on, by darkened ways,  
To the Light—towards Heaven's Goal.

Then learn, in lowly patience  
And faith, to understand,  
When times of drought pass over thee,  
The guiding of His Hand.  
Soon droppeth down from Heaven  
His bounteous Mercy-rain :  
Then, like a freshened meadow-land,  
The desert blooms again.

REST IN GOD.

(RUHE IN GOTT.)

O MORTAL, who would'st fain create  
Light, peace, and joy ;—in vain thy strife  
And weary search : O haste thee back  
To God, The Fountain of thy life !  
There, where that life began to flow,  
Direct thy longing, yearning quest :  
When to its Great Creator turned,  
The soul first finds its only rest.

But ah, thou canst not go to Him ;—  
Thou lookest on the sins which stand  
As a partition-wall between :  
Yet see, thy Saviour gives His Hand ;  
With pitying Voice He calls thee near ;—  
In Arms of Love up-raises thee :  
He hath destroyed the barrier-wall ;  
Bears thee to God, and makes thee free.

Thus, thy Creator gave thee life,  
And Christ thy life gives back once more :  
And yet more gifts The Father hath  
For thee, His weary child, in store.  
A Blessed Guide He promiseth,  
To tell thee of thy Father's love ;  
To give thy spirit strength and peace ;  
And lead thee to thy home above.

Now, to the Living Fount returned,  
Through Time's dim glass thou may'st descry,  
With joy-clear glance, the glorious view  
Of the Divine Eternity.  
Heaven's blessedness, e'en now, is thine ;  
For ever past thy spirit's strife :  
Crowned by God's Love, it rests on Him,  
In calmness, through this battling life.

And thou, O restless heart, that still  
Art seeking for thy true repose—  
Seek it not here, nor in thyself ;  
Such search but multiplies thy woes :  
It makes the weary heart more faint,  
And brings Fatigue's repose, at best :  
Deem not this sleep, from weariness  
In searching, to be true heart's-rest !



An infant, in its cradle-bed,  
    Rocked with the softest lullabies,  
Rests not so tranquilly as when  
    Upon the Mother's breast it lies.  
Where its first draught of life was found,  
    Its truest happiness will be.  
O Soul, return thou to thy God !  
    In Him alone is rest for thee.

## FAITH-LIFE.

(GLAUBENSLEBEN.)

CAN aught bring higher blessedness,—  
Aught purer joy afford,  
Than life entire to consecrate  
In faith, unto The Lord !

Within His Presence close we stand,  
And there may ever be,  
As though our eyes beheld His Face :  
And glad at heart are we.

E'en when the lips in silence rest  
The heart to prayer is given :  
Unchained by earth, our thoughts arise  
Unceasingly to Heaven.

His Spirit strengthens us anew  
When all around is still :  
That Blessed Grace is all our own ;  
We have it when we will.

Like children sporting at His Feet,  
    We rest beneath His Eye ;  
And when the tears of anguish fall,  
    Straight to His Heart we fly.

And when His children weary grow,  
    He lays them down to rest ;  
And covers-o'er the tired hearts  
    Within the earth's cool breast.

There, hidden safely, shall we sleep  
    Throughout the still, deep night,  
Until His wakening Call is heard,  
    In glorious Morning-Light.

What shall befall us on that Morn  
    It doth not yet appear :—  
Dream-like our hearts' imaginings,  
    Till all shall be made clear.

“I ABIDE EVER WITH THEE.”

(“ICH BLEIBE STETS BEI DIR.”)

JESUS, with Thee I would abide,  
For ever in Thy Service stay :  
Let nothing part me from Thy Side,  
Nor let me wander from Thy Way.  
Thou art my spirit's Life—the Strength  
And living impulse of my heart ;  
E'en as the Vine streams forth its power,  
And to each branch doth life impart.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yes, I abide with Thee, my Lord ;  
In joy and sorrow I would be  
Thine own for ever—closely bound—  
For Time and for Eternity.  
I listen for Thy Signal Voice  
To call me from this world away :  
Ready is he to die, whose soul  
Hath clung to Thee throughout life's day.

Stay with me, Lord, upon this earth :—  
Stay, also, when my day is gone ;  
When shadows of the evening fall,  
And the night's coming draweth on.  
Then, on my weary, languid head  
Laying Thy Hand of blessing Love,  
Say, " Child, thy faith-life here is o'er :—  
Now shalt thou enter Life above ! "

Stay with me then—still by my side—  
Death's early dawn begins to spread ;  
The cool, sharp breezes seem to blow,  
That come before the Morning-Red.  
When dimmer grows my failing eye,  
Let Light into my spirit come,  
That I may pass on joyfully,  
As one that travelleth to his Home.

## WINTER.

(IM WINTER.)

WINTER is here. In Nature's wide domains  
Deep solitude in silent mourning reigns.  
Nature herself, arrayed in garb of death,  
A beauteous corpse, in stillness slumbereth.  
Covered beneath her shroud, all hidden rest  
Her Flower-Children, in the Mother's breast :  
Dreaming of Resurrection-Morn they sleep,  
When Spring shall rouse them from their slumber deep.

Earth, thou hast lost thy glory—joy is gone ;  
And thou thyself, left in thy sorrow lone,  
A Funeral-Sermon full of meaning art,  
Bearing a deep instruction to each heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

Let Earth towards Heaven direct thy yearning quest ;  
On Earth thy spirit shall not find its rest :

Thy time of sojourn here will soon be gone ;  
Farther, still farther must thou travel on.  
Enduring good on Earth shall not be given ;  
The heart's true treasure must be sought in Heaven.  
Ask Earth alone that she a place will lend  
For the dust-garment, when this life shall end.

But when the glorious Easter Songs resound,  
And the great Easter Morning dawns around,  
Thy clothing, which was trusted to its store,  
Earth's treasury must yield to thee once more :  
So learns the heart that nothing may remain  
In Earth's own keeping ; therefore is it vain  
To ask from her what she can never give :—  
Look up to Heaven alone for joy, and live !

## THE MESSENGERS TO THE HEATHEN.

(DIE HEIDENBOTEN.)

O BLESSED are ye messengers, sent forth  
By your own Lord's commands,  
God's Love proclaiming to the blind and dead,  
In strange, far-distant lands !  
Through the thick, fearful darkness still press on ;—  
Strong and courageous be :  
The Lord Himself shall crown your faith and love  
With certain victory !

The Banner of the Cross of Jesus wave,  
Undauntedly, on high ;  
That heathen hosts may see to Whom all worlds  
In true subjection lie.  
Be ye to all the earth a token sure  
Of God's Majestic Power ;—  
That He must conquer, and all foes must yield  
In His victorious Hour !



O Soldiers, bearing neither arms nor sword,  
Mighty in faith alone ;—  
The Earth and all its fulness is your Lord's :  
Press, conquering, farther on !  
He Who hath sent you ever gives His Aid ;  
Your King stands by your side :  
And, though like sheep midst wolves, your hearts shall still  
In joyous rest abide.

Love drives you forth ; and in your ardent souls  
Its burning ray hath shone,  
Kindling your zeal to brother-souls to tell  
What God for you hath done :  
Therefore your own ye seek not—neither fame,  
Honours, nor earthly good :  
Ye glory only in the Love shown forth  
In Jesus' Precious Blood.

With glad content, endure then, that the world  
Contempt and shame accord :  
Rejoice, when ye shall see all lands reflect  
The glory of The Lord !  
Rejoice, that ye are chosen to behold  
Your Lord His Victory win ;—  
That ye are suffered at the Doors to stand,  
When The King cometh in !

Hosanna ! When the Night and woe are past  
Thousands exult and sing ;  
And the remotest nations then shall gain  
The City of The King :  
And many thousand knees to Christ shall bow,  
The Father's Blessed Son :  
This your reward shall be, O faithful hearts,  
When all the toil is done !

PILGRIM-SONG.

(PILGER-LIED.)

IN this earth-life's bitter anguish  
Will I not lament and mourn :  
I will wear no crown of honour  
Where my Lord wore crown of thorn.  
In no pathway strewn with roses  
Shall my footsteps ever stray,  
Where, upon the Cross of sinners  
Once The Blessed Master lay.

Give me, Lord, upon life's journey,  
But Thy Truth, the way to show :  
Let Thy Spirit's Blessed Guidance  
Be with me where'er I go.  
Grant my heart all joyful longing  
To be led on that steep road,  
Narrow though it be, and toilsome,  
Which Thy Holy Foot hath trod !

Make me true and faithful-hearted ;  
Give the sacred fire of Love—  
Faith's own fruit—without whose impulse  
Onward can my steps not move.  
Love alone to Love can lead me,  
In her own blest pathway free :  
She alone can guide me safely  
Through this dreary world to Thee.

Lovingly Thy Voice, O Master,  
To my soul the Call has given ;  
Yet how many a step awaits me  
On the upward path to Heaven !  
Oh, to Thy weak, helpless servant  
Thy Right Hand of Mercy lend ;  
Guide, uphold my feeble footsteps  
Even to the journey's end !

And when, spirit-worn and weary,  
On the road I fainting lie,  
Let me, full of hope and yearning,  
Gaze into the far, blue sky :  
So, in this deep vale of sorrows,  
May that gaze new strength impart ;—  
Clearer grow the heavenly gladness ;  
Firm the peace within my heart.

Yes, on Earth I am a stranger ;  
And must bear life's burden on,  
As a pilgrim, poor and empty ;  
In this world unseen, unknown.  
And the Token of my Calling  
Is the Cross within my hand ;  
Till I reach my Home of Canaan,  
In the longed-for Fatherland.

## COMFORT OF THE NIGHT.

(TROST DER NACHT.)

MOURN not, poor heart, so bitterly,  
For thy young life's bright sunny day !  
Many sweet joys indeed are gone ;  
Yet sorrows, too, have passed away.

Was Day's awakening so fair,  
With distant glow of Morning-Red ?  
Yet mourn it not :—the Night reveals  
Her heaven and stars, when Day is dead.

RETURN !

(KEHRE WIEDER !)

RETURN, return, thou lost one ;  
Sink down before The Lord :  
Lay down thy load before Him ;—  
Thou yet shalt be restored !  
In all thy sin and weakness  
He calls thee, as thou art,  
To take His healing blessing :  
Return, poor trembling heart !

Return from earth's distraction  
Into blessed solitude,  
Where a new bliss awaits thee,  
And thy life shall be renewed :  
Where the storms that raged so wildly  
By The Spirit's Voice are laid ;  
And to The Lord's Cross-Banner  
Thy vows anew are made.

*Imitations from the German.*

Return, poor wandering spirit ;—

God will thy sins forgive :

He, full of Mercy, calls thee,

And bids thy soul to live.

Fear not His condemnation ;

No longer from Him rove,

Poor child, for whom now yearneth

His Heart of pitying Love !

Drink in new life, returning,

In His all-boundless Grace !

In great and tender patience

He turns to thee His Face.

O knit with His thy spirit ;—

He takes all grief away ;

He healeth all diseases :—

Return, without delay !

To Love's sweet Home return thou !

Out of Emptiness arise

Into God's Blessed Fulness ;—

Into Trueness, out of Lies !

Into Being, out of Semblance ;—

Into Clearness, out of Night :—

Out of Dying, into Living ;—

From Earth's gloom, to Heaven's fair Light !



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(“SCHICKET EUCH IN DIE ZEIT.”)

LORD, make me ever ready, evil to endure

With patient, willing heart ;

But let me, with all earnestness, in deeds of ill

Forbear to take a part.

In contests I would ne'er contend ; nor anguish cause,

Though anguish I must bear :

Thus, by Thy Spirit, for the times of keener woe,

Do Thou my soul prepare !

After Thine Image fashion me, O Gracious Lord,

In gentle-hearted love :—

In patient, tender unprovokedness of soul

Which no assaults can move ;—

Which ne'er forgets that, not the soul that *suffers* ill

In need of pity stands ;

But he whose thoughts and actions all are sin-defiled,

True pity's care demands.

\* \* \* \* \*

O Master, Thou had'st, truly, right all sins to judge ;  
Power to destroy all ill :

Yet, e'en for enemies, Thy yearning Heart of Love  
Pity alone did fill.

Contempt and sorrow did'st Thou take upon Thyself,  
For all Thy foes, to bear ;

Then in divine Compassion, laid upon the Cross,  
Did'st shed Thy Life-Blood there.

Be near me, O my Lord ; my heart's true Peace and Rest ;  
That I may still endure :

Be near me, O my Blessedness ; and strengthen Thou  
My soul so weak and poor !

Thine own unfailing gentleness and patient Love  
For ever let it know,

That fitted and prepared, it may go forth to meet  
The times of bitter woe.

Grant it in patience to possess itself for aye,  
And calm and still abide,

Though many a piercing sorrow lie upon its way,  
And many a cross betide.

Show to it now Thine Open Heaven—e'en in these days  
Of misery and crime ;

And keep it steadfast in the hope for days to come ;—  
The Good, the Promised Time !

COMFORT IN THE LOVE OF JESUS.

(TROST IN JESU LIEBE.)

My Jesus, on Thy Heart of Perfect Love  
In stillness let me rest :  
Let all my cares and griefs be freely poured  
Into Thy Faithful Breast !  
Thy Love grows never cold, with lapsing time—  
Only more warm, and new :  
Thy Trueness, unto all Eternity,  
But shows itself more true !

What is all other love, compared with Thine  
Of high and priceless mould !  
Is there on Earth a love which alters not ;—  
Which never can grow cold  
In the cold life ?—which groweth never dim  
In this world's sure decay ?—  
Which changeth not, when life itself doth change ;—  
Nor dies, with death, away ?

Ah, and what still remains to men of love,  
In the Earth-valley here ;—  
Is it not mingled with unrest and pain,  
And dimmed by many a tear?  
Man sues for love with sadness ; and when loved,  
He wrestles with new woes :  
A thousand foes lurk near ;—decline and death  
Threaten his heart's repose.

But, without measure, holy, and undimmed,  
Steadfast, and changing not,  
The Love with which Thou, Lord, hast loved us,  
Spite of our sin's dark blot.  
And when our human love grows cold and dead,  
Thy Love abideth true :  
As Thou hast loved us from Eternity,  
Thy Love rests fresh and new.

O Thou, Who dost receive each longing soul  
Unto Thy tender Grace ;—  
Thou, Who to each poor child hast promised  
Upon Thy Heart a place ;—  
So often as my glance by tears of woe  
Here clouded-o'er may be,  
Let me, in silence, lean upon Thy Breast,  
And know Thou lovest me !

THE SONG OF DYING.

(DAS LIED VOM STERBEN.)

SING now the Song of Dying ;—

The solemn parting lay :

Perchance thine earthly life-walk

Shall reach its end to-day.

Perchance before the sun set

Thy journey may be o'er ;

And, with its next up-rising,

Thou shalt arise no more.

No joy is sure, nor sorrow,

With this life's doubtful breath ;

But nought there is more certain

Than parting, dying, death,

In each succeeding footstep

With life itself we part ;

And with each joy the heart dies,

As the joy dies in the heart.

On pilgrim-staff supported,  
We draw near to our graves :  
And even princes' sceptres  
Are but their pilgrim-staves.  
Earth gives to all her children  
A pilgrim-garb to wear :  
Upon her soil we wear it ;—  
But leave it, also, there.

Go, climb o'er heights and mountains ;—  
Thou shalt find their pathway free :  
And yet the Grave's small hillock  
May not be passed by thee !  
Thou canst not go beyond it—  
That low and narrow mound :  
There, wearied, they shall lay thee ;  
There shall thy rest be found.

Then sing the Song of Dying ;  
The ancient pilgrim-lay :  
Because thy grave-ward journey  
Grows shorter day by day.  
That song, like sweet bells' voices  
Upon the breezes borne,  
Tells, not alone of dying,  
But of Resurrection Morn.

THE FULNESS OF CHRIST.

(DIE FÜLLE CHRISTI.)

WHERE is Divine compassion, that will sinners not  
despise ;—

Love, that with open arms would meet the penitent who  
cries?

Where shall all guilt be covered o'er ; and who can sins  
forgive ;

And, in death's terrors, who true life and blessedness can  
give?

Take courage, trembling-hearted ones! such perfect grace  
is found :

Such Fulness of compassion doth in Jesus Christ abound.

Where is there balm for wounds ; and who can healing  
power impart ;

Who, comfort and support devise, for joyless, lonely  
heart?

Who shall raise up the fallen ones—the weary souls  
renew ;—

Who strengthen them to run their course, and keep them  
right and true ?

Be comforted, desponding hearts ; such strengthening  
help is found :

In Jesus Christ this Fulness of compassion doth abound.

Who giveth life that satisfies ? Who can give joy in  
woe ?

Who keeps our hearts in glad content with all that God  
may do ?

Who giveth child-like faith, and lays us on The Father's  
Breast ;—

Reveals His wonders to our souls, and keeps us in His  
Rest ?

Rejoice, poor homeless wanderers : this Resting-Place is  
found :

This Fulness of all mercy doth in Jesus Christ abound.

The spirit of God's children, is there one who can be-  
stow ?

What hand can give humility, and keep us meek and  
low ?

Who giveth love that faileth not, and shuns no sacri-  
fice—

That with glad hearts rejoiceth, and doth weep with  
weeping eyes ?



O thank The Heavenly Father that this blessed gift is  
found !

This Fulness of all graces in Christ Jesus doth abound.

Who leaves us not, in dying, any fear of death to know ;  
But giveth endless joy and life, when forth from earth we  
go ?

Who to the earth the seed entrusts, which there a season  
lies,

That through His Word, when Spring-time comes, in  
glory it may rise ?

Give thanks and sing, O children ; for this blessedness is  
found :

In Jesus Christ this Fulness of Salvation doth abound.

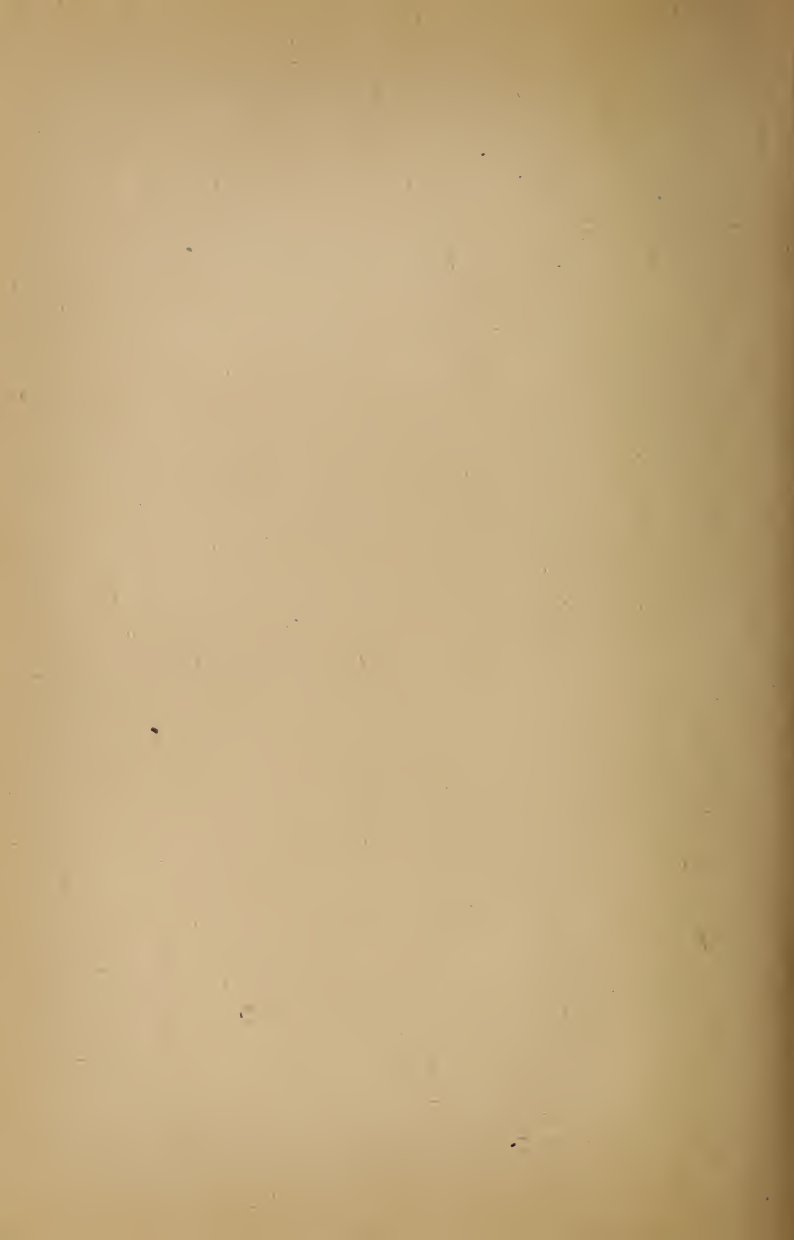
O Thou, our only Helper—Who, to all, all things  
must be ;

Because by God's good pleasure, all His Fulness dwells  
in Thee !

Draw Thou all hearts to Thee, and let Thy Love all souls  
embrace ;

And let all seeking spirits find the treasures of Thy  
Grace !

O blessèd children, that partake of what Thou dost impart ;  
And, thus partaking, through Thy Love, thus know Thee  
as Thou art !



## PART II.



FROM GERHARD TERSTEGEN'S

“GEISTLICHES BLUMENGÄRTLEIN.”

Here, upon the paper planted,  
Stand the Spirit's Garden-Flowers  
God himself will give them sunshine,  
Paint their hues, and send them showers.  
Be their soil the silent heart-ground :—  
There may every swelling seed  
Burst in Truth, and Power, and Substance ;  
Blooming forth in all who read.

THOUGHTS FOR A NEW YEAR, OR  
BIRTHDAY.

(REDLICHER SINN AM NEUJAHRS- ODER GEBURTS-  
TAG.)

THUS, then, another year of pilgrim-life,  
(Not void of dangers, though without sore fall ;—  
Not free from heart-wounds, though it brought not death,)  
Has vanished, with its heavy burdens all !

Onward, my spirit ; go forth trustingly ;  
One step awaits thee ere thy course is done.  
Give me Thy Hand, O Thou, my soul's True Guide !  
So shall I venture farther to toil on.

“ Still onward ! ” is the Christian's watchword here :  
The pilgrim may not tarry on his road.  
What can the world bestow upon the heart  
Whose home is in Eternal Life, and God ?

My soul immortal yearns for that sweet Life :  
Ah, when wilt Thou my spirit, Lord, prepare ?  
The earthly dwelling threatens oft to fail :—  
Thus live I on, in longing, watchful prayer.

O give Thy Help, that I to self may die ;  
And live more wholly, only unto Thee !  
Thy Cross work purity and gentleness ;—  
Thy Love work Love's true-heartedness in me !

Bear Thou me on ; thus I my load shall bear :  
As Thou hast held me, do Thou succour still :  
If hatred meet me, let me have Thy Love,  
Which e'en the aged hearts with fire doth fill.

My heart's own God ;—Thou Beauty Old and New !  
Thee do I love : O faithful let me be  
Even to death ! to Thee I yield my soul  
For guidance here, and through Eternity !

THE SUN OF THE SOUL.

(DIE SONNE, DER SEELEN.)

THE outer sunlight now is there,  
And shineth fair and bright ;  
Yet God is nearer to my soul,  
With His own Living Light.

Ah, dwell in me, Thou Sun Divine ;  
Thy sky my spirit be ;  
That I, O purest bliss of souls !  
Be glorified in Thee.

Night's darkness passes, when the sun  
Reveals his opening ray :—  
Thus, through Thy Presence in my soul,  
Drive self and sin away !

Thou art a Light ; and dwell'st in Light :  
O make me light and pure ;  
That I may look into Thy Face,  
And Thine own Glance endure.

The eagle gazes at the sun  
With joyous sight, and free :—  
Lord, open Thou my spirit's eyes,  
That I may look on Thee !

He who within the soul's deep shrine  
Beholds Thee in Thy Light,  
Like to the Cherubim, in awe  
Adores Thee day and night.

So let me walk before Thy face  
Through all my journey here,  
That all I do, or leave undone,  
Be pure, and light, and clear.

Let Thine Eye guide me, lest I stray  
Upon the earthly race :  
Ah, stay with me my whole life long,  
Till I behold Thy Face !



“I SLEEP, BUT MY HEART WAKETH.”

(“ICH SCHLAFE, ABER MEIN HERZ WACHET.”)

AH, could I but be still, and gently fall asleep,  
My God, in Thy deep Peace!  
Close Thou mine eyelids! then my spirit sinks to rest,  
And all distractions cease.

Ah, that I could be still! the eye looks here and there;  
Wild thoughts disturb the breast:  
Reason would speculate; the mind roams forth abroad;  
The will is not at rest.

Whilst, troubled and disturbed, the scattered senses fly,  
Thus grieve I evermore:  
When Nature sleepeth, then my heart, alone awake,  
To Thee, my God, doth soar.

Unmoved by all, and strange to all that stirs without,  
As one whose life is gone,  
My heart to Thee is inly known;—to Thee is turned;—  
Given to Thee alone.

78      *Imitations from the German.*

Go, World, and seek for joy ! I here have joy enough ;  
I need not begging go :  
Reproaches oft I bear for what seems silent grief :—  
My heart I do not show.

Thus, bare of all things, to Thy Heart I creep unseen ;  
There stillest Thou my woes ;  
There shall my spirit find secure and blessèd rest,  
And in Thy Peace repose.

THE SPIRITUAL FORGE.

(DIE GEISTLICHE SCHMIEDEKUNST.)

A ROUGH and shapeless block of iron is my heart ;  
So hard, so cold—The Master cannot use it so.  
Love must my Furnace be :—I enter in through prayer :  
I keep quite still, and leave the smoking fire to glow.

Then doth the gentle wind of Love begin to breathe :—  
I hold me still—and let the hotter flame burn on.  
The iron's blackness must be melted quite away :  
When softened and made fair, the Fire's fierce work is  
done.

The way of self-denial, and of daily death—  
This is the Anvil upon which my soul I lay.  
Blow after blow, The Master's strokes begin to fall,  
Till, turned and bent, the softened ore at last gives way.

Yet still, it will not wholly yield in every part ;  
Therefore, The Master Workman for His aid doth  
borrow

One, who with rougher, stronger hammer strikes the blows :  
Strike on, O Mighty One ! thus soon will end my sorrow.

The Master's Hand directeth all the work full well :  
According as the fashioning doth most require,  
The strokes must fall. And now once more the ore He lays  
Within the Flame;—and strokes again succeed the Fire.

Whilst in that glowing heat, "The Iron shines," methought,  
"All clear and bright:—now, surely, soon the work is  
done !"

But when the burning was withdrawn, all cold, and black,  
And shapeless grew the metal:—thus my hope was gone.

On the Refining-Board of inner woe and pain,  
Next must the ore, in all its coldness, firm be pressed.  
The keen-edged File must work—a thousand splinters  
fly :—

Now follow finer, closer strokes, upon the rest.

O Master, Who this art dost understand aright,  
Make Thou my soul well fitted for Thy use at last !  
Not o'er my heart may polished brightness seem to shine  
But, inly chastened, let me in Thy Fire stand fast !

THE BLESSED WALK -IN GOD'S PRESENCE

(DER SELIGE WANDEL IN DER GEGENWART  
GOTTES.)

God, in Whom I have my being,  
Live, and move, for evermore ;—  
Thee, my only Lord and Treasure,  
In Thy Nearness, I adore !

God's own House and Gate of Heaven  
Standeth here, and all around :  
Nowhere art Thou ever distant,  
Though so late I Thee have found.

Forth I gazed on this world's objects ;  
Though so near, I saw not Thee.  
Whilst in senseless search I wandered,  
Thou, my God, did'st dwell in me !

Shall not all my being worship,  
In the silent awe of love ;  
Knowing that my God is present  
Wheresoe'er I stand or move ?

This and that to know, I care not ;  
Human converse seek I none :  
Gazing on Thee in the spirit,  
I would dwell with Thee alone.

I can tell Thee all my sorrows ;  
No more shall their load appal :  
When my heart I cannot fathom,  
Thou, The Near One, know'st it all.

Still with Thee, in mine awaking ;  
Still with Thee, in all I do :  
Peacefully the heart reposeth  
In Thy Goodness, sure and true.

On I journey, ever farther,  
Guided by Thy Faithful Hand ;  
Poor, unknown in patient stillness,  
Through this earth, to Fatherland.

Thus to live within His Presence—

    This is blessed life to me ;

Keeping Him in thought at all times,

    Everywhere I chance to be.

Come, then, ye beloved children ;

    Sinners, also, hasten near :

Leave the world, and sin, and sorrow ;—

    Think ye only, “ *God is here.*”

## A FAINT GLIMPSE OF ETERNAL JOY.

(EIN MATTER BLICK VOM EWIGEN GLÜCK.)

WEARY heart, be not desponding ;  
Soon thy pilgrim-course will end :  
Trust thyself, for all the journey,  
To the Guiding of thy Friend !

Many a hard year hast thou sighed through ;  
Many a danger on the way :  
God hath helped thee,—still He helpeth :  
Soon shall close thine earthly day.

Hope on, loving and believing,  
Till the sorrow all is past ;  
Then the blessed “weight of glory”  
Surely comes for thee at last.



What, then, shall we find hereafter,  
In the Eternal Life above?  
No more sin, no fear, no sorrow;  
No distress our souls shall move.

He who here sad heart-sighs soweth,  
Doing right, though suffering ill,  
There shall find the Joy-ripe harvest,  
All his longings to fulfil.

Sow on richly, still believing;—  
Faint not, soul, in sad despair!  
Nought is lost :—what here may fail us,  
We shall yet recover There.

There shall Paradise be ours;—  
Pure delights that pure hearts bless,  
In the Joy-crowned Provinces  
Of all radiant loveliness.

O New World, God's own rich Garden;—  
Never-fading Flower-Field;  
Where Heaven's Nightingales are singing;  
Where the Trees their Life-Fruits yield!

There is God's Eternal City,  
Great in Holiness untold ;  
Glorious in its fabrication ;  
Built of pearls and precious gold.

Enter, soul, the City's Portals !  
They are open day and night :  
But thy raiment must be spotless  
Where The Lamb Himself gives Light !

There we find again our loved ones,  
Known to us in woe and strife,  
Now rejoicing with the Blessèd ;  
Sharing in the Angel-life.

What the rapture of that Welcome !  
What shall that blest Meeting be !  
What that Intercourse of spirit,  
Soul with soul, from earth-bonds free !

Once more shall we walk together,  
Like pure children, hand in hand :  
Let us walk so now, as pilgrims,  
Travelling through the foreign land !

And the blessèd, glorious Angels,  
Who have guarded us below,  
Find we there in countless numbers,  
Joyful in our triumph now.

Hear their Song of Praise exultant ;—  
“ Glory in the Heavenly Height  
To our God for aye be given !  
Now in you is His delight ! ”.

As one Angel Choir rejoiceth,  
Other bands begin to soar ;  
Bringing to the Feast of Glory,  
Still new Glory, evermore.

O ye Cherubim and Seraphs,  
Blessèd Throne-attendant Throng ;—  
When shall I behold your Service ?  
When shall I too hear your Song ?

Yet more shall we find in Heaven :—  
There, The Friend Who for us bled ;  
Joined us unto God for ever ;  
And through all our journey led :—

*Imitations from the German.*

He, Who from our sins redeemed us ;  
Clothed us in white, spotless dress ;  
Won for us the Rest Eternal ;—  
Heaven's undying Blessedness :

His great Glory, O redeemed ones,  
All in earth and Heaven declare !  
Lowly bend in adoration  
To The Lamb, both here and There !

We shall see, O wondrous Vision !  
God's Own Face, in clearest Light !  
What shall be the untold Glory—  
What the Radiance of that Sight !

O great Mystery unspoken !—  
Here Eternity doth lay  
Holy stillness on the spirit ;  
Melting thoughts of Time away.

There, my heart, abide thou wholly,  
Where thou would'st for ever be ;  
Leave all earthly things below thee ;  
Live above, in spirit free !

O my God, Thy Heavenly Kingdom  
Even now is near at hand :  
Seeking for it in the spirit,  
Patiently I waiting stand :—

Waiting, till Thy Love revealeth  
Thine Own Presence in my heart ;  
Who my Glory, Joy, and Treasure,  
And my soul's true Heaven art.

HEART-THOUGHTS, ON THE STRIKING OF  
THE CLOCK.

HERZENS-GEDANKEN, WANN DIE GLOCKE  
SCHLÄGT.)

ONE more flying moment  
Of my short life past :  
Faithful Friend, I thank Thee !  
Hold me firm and fast,  
Through this hour also,  
In the heart's still ground :  
So in Thee my spirit  
Shall unmoved be found.

Time goes fleeting swiftly,  
Leaving little trace ;  
Yet is it all-weighty,  
This " to-day " of Grace.  
Now, Thy Heart lies open ;  
Now, we toil and love ;  
Now, we hourly hasten  
Towards our Home above.

“LOVE IS MIGHTY.”

(DIE LIEBE IST STARK.)

SWEET or bitter, love or woe,  
In Time's valley here of sadness ;—  
What is it? If Love be pure,  
It consumes both pain and gladness  
Love alone can well endure  
Many a cross with patient heart :  
Love all work can undertake ;  
Strength to each design impart.  
Love, in all things, seeks alone  
God to please, with soul sincere ;  
Love, accounting Self as nought,  
Keeps the spirit pure and clear.

"JESUS, WHOM I LONG FOR."

("JESU, DEN ICH MEINE.")

JESUS, Whom I long for,  
Stay Thou by my side :  
Leave me not without Thee,  
Lest my footsteps slide.  
Grant that I may see Thee  
Where I go or stand :—  
Jesus, Whom I long for,  
Ever be at hand !

To the heart that knows Thee  
Thou dost all things give :  
Only in Thee rooted  
Can the spirit live.  
Ever let me please Thee,  
Jesu, Blessed Friend :—  
Leave me never lonely,  
To the journey's end !



Thee to love for ever  
Pledged are all my vows ;  
Draw my spirit to Thee,  
And my soul espouse !  
Through Thine own Love's burning  
Melt us both in one :—  
Jesus, Whom I long for,  
Leave me not alone !

Now from every danger  
Thou Thy child wilt keep.  
Hold me in Thy Bosom's  
Rest, so still and deep !  
Let my soul each hour  
Know Thee for its own :—  
Jesus, Whom I long for,  
Leave me not alone !

Jesus, look upon me  
Where I go, and stand :  
When I fall or waver,  
Hold me by Thy Hand.  
Comfort me in sorrow ;  
Strengthen me in strife .  
Jesus, Whom I long for,  
Stay with me through life !

Must I here still tarry,  
Let me live with Thee :  
Let Thy Blessed Presence  
Brighten all to me :  
Else, in weary sadness  
I must journey on :—  
Jesus, Whom I long for,  
Leave me not alone !

With Thee let me slumber,  
And with Thee arise ;  
Be my every action  
Guided by Thine Eyes :  
In my speech, and silence,  
Sorrows, toil, and rest ;  
Jesus, Whom I long for,  
Keep me near Thy Breast !

Thou and I for ever  
One alone will be :  
Free from cares and troubles,  
Let me hide in Thee !  
Thus are Earth's distractions  
To my soul unknown :—  
Jesus, Whom I long for,  
Leave me not alone !

If Thou hide Thy Presence,  
Let me know no fear,  
But in woe still praise Thee  
Through the darkness drear.  
Would'st Thou, keenly chastening,  
Fit me for Thy bride ;—  
Jesus, Whom I long for,  
Close with me abide !

Thine own Love's pure essence  
To my spirit give,  
That e'en in this earth-land,  
To Thy joy I live ;—  
Till in Heaven I see Thee,  
Love Thee as mine own :—  
Jesus, Whom I long for,  
Leave me not alone !

## THE WILL OF GOD.

(“VÖLLIGE UEBERLASSUNG DER SEELE AN  
GOTTES WILLEN.)

O WILL of God, all sweet and perfect ;  
The spirit's calm, unbroken rest ;  
My Anchor-Ground, and Living Fortress ;—  
I flee for safety to Thy breast !

God's Will all bitterness can sweeten ;—  
All things make good that He doth send.  
Without this Will, Earth's best enjoyments  
No gladness to the soul can lend.

When sin and evil powers assaïl me,  
I think, “ 'Tis ordered by His Will :  
He will give strength and sure protection ; ”—  
Thus rests my heart content and still.

O blessed, will-less, childlike spirit ;  
True Angel-bliss of Fatherland !  
My heart's desires I all surrender :—  
There lies my soul in God's own Hand.

O Will of God ! my spirit's longing ;—  
My food in pain and misery :—  
O Will of God, enchain me wholly !  
So shall *my* will rest pure and free.

O Will, work in me thy good pleasure,  
Through Time, and in Eternity :  
Be joy or sadness here my portion,  
All bliss is mine, in loving thee !

Lord, help to slay the self-life in me ;  
The bitter Nature-powers that strive :  
That I my soul to Thee surrender,  
And to Thy Will for ever live !

## WATCH AND PRAY.

(WACHET UND BETET.)

SLEEP not, O Soul by God awakened:—

Eternity's loud call obey.

We wander here 'midst shadows only :

What are we dreaming ?

Why loiter we upon our way ?

Lay by each weight, and all that binds thee ;

Joys that thy soul's true joy would mar.

Leave Self and Nature all behind thee :

Be ever ready :—

The Bridegroom comes—He is not far.

Arise, and let us go to meet Him ;

And leave all as it standeth here :

Hear His own Summons in the Spirit !

To the pure-hearted

Rings forth that Summons loud and clear.

Turn inwards—there thy soul shall find Him ;  
And ever in the spirit pray,  
That of thy time and strength none rob thee.  
Thine Oil now gather !  
So shall it fail not in that day.

Now, all for God ! No semblance profits.  
Lord, fill us with Thine Oil of Love,  
To feed the flame of life's devotion ;  
And give us soul-light,  
Which nought in death can quench or move !

Arouse our hearts Thyself, O Jesus,  
The pilgrim-course with might to run.  
Help us in watching, praying, dying ;  
And never leave us,  
Until our course on Earth is done !

## PILGRIM-SONG.

(DER PILGER AUSGANG.)

FROM all created things,  
That pass not with us through the grave,  
My spirit turns away.

O Master, gird my loins ;  
And let me, as a stranger here,  
Pass on ; nor wish to stay !

The World hath nought in me ;  
And I in her have nought to hope ;  
Her pleasures only cloy :  
I close mine eyes to all.  
A true, eternal life alone—  
No dreams—can give me joy.

For ever I renounce  
All that I hitherto esteemed



Upon the pilgrimage ;—  
'Tis but a weary load :  
I cannot travel whilst these cares  
My heart and soul engage.

A passing stranger here,  
What doth this world concern my heart ?  
Loosened from all, and bare,  
I journey on in peace.  
Joys, honours, riches, and delights ;—  
I leave you lying there !

I turn e'en from the things  
Of which the body still hath need :  
What mine is, is not mine,  
God is my Good alone ;  
My Life, my Portion, and my Trust :  
All others I resign..

Cease, heart-grief ; cease, deceit !  
Thou, O my God, art all I need :  
All things in Thee are found.  
All Purity and Truth,  
All restful inner calm and peace  
Ever in Thee abound.

O let me stay with Thee  
In living, lonely fellowship !  
Do Thou my spirit hide  
Deep in Thy Heart of Love :  
Spare not the earthly part in me ;  
But with my soul abide !

Now, towards Eternity,  
On through this foreign land of Time !  
My Faithful Guide, hold fast !  
From self and all things, save ;—  
And draw me onwards, nearer Home,  
To see Thy Face at last !

DRAW ME.

(ZEUCH MICH NUR.)

DRAW me within Thyself, with all the being that is mine,  
Strong Magnet that hast touched me with Thy Force of  
Love Divine ;

That, through its hidden influence, my spirit's craving  
quest

May nevermore in aught that is not Thee discern its rest.  
All else is far too narrow ;—in Thyself it must abide :

In Thine Own Element its hunger must be satisfied.

From self, and from all creatures, draw me forth, cost  
what it may :

O draw me—only draw me ! let all bonds be torn away,  
Until I land in Thee, The Blessed Haven of my peace ;  
Then shall my weary course, and all my thirst and hunger  
cease.

When Thee Thyself I shall embrace within the soul's  
deep ground,

There shall my will lie broken, and in quiet rest be  
found :

My lips shall keep still silence, and in awe my spirit  
bend :

Those deep words, "*I am satisfied*," my soul shall com-  
prehend.

DYING THOUGHTS OF A FAITHFUL SOUL.

(STERBENSGEDANKEN EINER GLÄUBIGEN SEELE.)

THUS, step by step, my journey to The Infinite draws  
nigh :

Thus, unobserved, the short life-course has quickly fled  
by.

Where now remains so many a day;—and where so many  
a year ?

What hath the passing soul from that which yesterday was  
here ?

Thou God of all Eternity, Who gavest life to me ;—

With all I am, and all I have, I give it back to Thee.

O let me die to Thee alone ! to Thee alone I live ;

And to Thy blessed Service I my latest powers would  
give. .

I close my weary eyes, and say “Goodnight” to what is  
seen ;

“Goodnight” to all the Dreaming that this earthly life  
hath been ;

That I may live upon the watch, all ready to depart,  
And give Thy Spirit room to work Thy Will within my  
heart.

Now do I leave the world, and to The Father I will go :  
Here am I not at Home ;—my soul no true life here doth  
know.

The time that yet remaineth shall be given up to Thee,  
That in Thee, Father, and Thy Heaven, my spirit centred  
be.

O make me ready for the change; and when this life is  
past,

Be Thou my One abiding Good ; my soul's true Life at  
last.

When draweth near the end, O leave me not alone to  
die !

On Jesus then—not on myself—be fixed my spirit's eye.

I search myself, and all disclose, and bare my heart to  
Thee :

Of dust I am ; and profitless my service all must be.  
Thus wholly bared, in Jesus' Wounds my spirit sinks  
away :

In Him alone will I be found, both now, and in that  
day.

The enemy hath nought in me—In Jesus I have rest :  
Deep sunk in mine own nothingness, He makes my spirit  
blest.

I thank Thee, O my Father, Who Thine Open Heart  
didst shew,  
And taught my feeble soul Thy Spirit's Presence here to  
know.

My Saviour, in Thy Faithful Hands my spirit now I lay :  
The pledge entrusted to Thy Care Thou wilt not cast  
away.

Let my last breath on Earth be nought but pure and holy  
love ;  
And let my soul, departing hence, enter Thy Rest  
Above !

O Sweet Rest of Eternity ! I shall Thy Face behold,  
And be with Thee for ever, Lord, in blessedness un-  
told :—

There, with the glorious Angel Hosts, in adoration bow.  
My Father, take me Home to Thee ! mine All in All art  
Thou.

## THE BENEDICTION UPON GOD'S PEOPLE.

(DER SEGEN UBER GOTTES VOLK.)

“The Lord bless thee, and keep thee ; the Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee ; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.”—Numbers vi. 24, 25, 26.

FOUNTAIN of all salvation, we adore Thee,  
And open fainting, weary lips to Thee :  
O may Thy Benediction come upon us,  
From the High Place of Thy Divinity !

The Lord, The Great Creator, with us tarry,  
And bless our souls and bodies, through His Might ;  
Shielding us ever with His Strong Protection ;  
Guarding us from all evil, day and night !

The Lord our Light, The Saviour, shine upon us,  
And let our souls be lightened by His Face ;  
That we behold Him, and believe in freedom ;  
And that He grant us His abiding Grace !



The Lord, The Comforter, above us hover ;  
And, lifting up His Countenance of Love,  
Stamp His Own Image on our souls for ever ;  
And give us Peace, which death nor life can move !

Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,  
Fountain of Blessedness that ever flows ;—  
Flow through our hearts and thoughts, and daily actions ;  
And let us in Thy Blessing find repose !

“Who is among you that feareth The Lord, that obeyeth the voice of His servant ; that walketh in darkness, and hath no light ? Let him trust in the Name of The Lord, and stay upon his God.”—Isaiah l. 10.

O THOU who fain God's loving Voice would'st follow  
night and day ;—

Though dark thy path, yet think not that thy Lord is far  
away !

Though shineth not the sun to thee, yet still the sun is  
there.

After the darkness cometh light: faint not in sad despair.  
Seek God alone—so is He near;—trust ever in His Name:  
Know that Jehovah's Word is true, and ever rests the  
same.

Lean upon God, and hold Him fast ; then shalt thou  
walk aright ;

And go far more securely so, than in thine own heart's  
light.

“For a small moment have I forsaken thee ; but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid My Face from thee for a moment ; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy upon thee.”—Isaiah liv. 7, 8.

ONLY a little while, a little moment, God will leave us ;  
And then with greater mercy shall His loving Arms  
receive us.

And yet, this little moment—this short time—so long  
appeareth,

Because my faith is feeble ; and my heart the darkness  
feareth.

Yea, Lord, when Thou forsakest me, I stray far in the  
wild ;

O let Thy Mercy gather me, and save Thy helpless child !  
Show Thy dear Face, which now so oft is hidden from  
my path :

Eternal Grace, have mercy ! ah, so bitter is Thy wrath ;

“Fear not ; for I am with thee.”—Isaiah xliii. 5.

THUS dost thou hover, O poor heart, in fear and terror  
dim,

Because God is not with thee, and thou livest not with  
Him.

When He Himself is near us, and the soul His Presence  
knows,

The timid and most faint of heart can rest in calm repose.

'Tis even so, my God ; yet oft my heart is full of care ;

Fearing, when Thou art hidden, that Thou art not truly  
there.

Thus do the darkened paths my weary soul with terror fill.

Help me to feel Thy Nearness : then shall I lie calm and  
still.

“Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees.  
Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not : behold,  
your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense ;  
He will come and save you.”—Isaiah xxxv. 3, 4.

STRENGTHEN thou thy weary hands, O failing spirit,  
onward go !

Give not way, and faint not wholly in thy misery and  
woe.

Ah, poor trembling one, be fearless: stand thou fast, and  
courage take.

Trust in God—He is so faithful ; and the weak doth  
ne’er forsake !

Soon shall come the happy day when God within thee  
shall abide ;

Then thy heart shall thank His blessing Love for all that  
doth betide.

Thou shalt then behold Him near, Who seemeth now so  
far from thee.

Only look to him—be watchful—and thy foes destroyed  
shall be.

"I have satiated the weary soul, and I have replenished every sorrowful soul. Upon this I awaked, and beheld; and my sleep was sweet unto me."—Jer. xxxi. 25, 26.

AH, I am faint and weary, on the Cross' steep journey  
bound,

Where neither road nor foot-path through the desert may  
be found.

Poor, hungry, bare of all things, I with slow, sad footsteps  
move,

Grieving that I so far remain from Him my soul doth love.  
Take courage, weary child! God can a thousand gifts  
impart,

To strengthen and revive thee, and bring comfort to thy  
heart :

Yea, thou shalt yet be satisfied, and all thy cravings cease,  
When He Himself shall dwell with thee, and fold thee  
in His Peace.

Away from all things sinking, thou shalt fall asleep in  
death,

Till, from that slumber sweet, thy soul in God awakeneth.

“He that shutteth his eyes from seeing evil ; he shall dwell on high : his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks : bread shall be given him ; his water shall be sure. Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty : they shall behold the land of far distances.”—Isaiah xxxiii. 15, 16, 17.

WALKING with eyes fast closed, that nought of evil they  
may see ;—

Dwelling in God alone ; from all things earthly, bare and  
free ;—

Thus may our spirits, as on eagles’ wings, ascend on  
High ;

And soar, untouched by fear and pain, and all life’s  
misery.

In this High Mountain, far above all things of time and  
sense,

We build our dwelling in The Rock of Jesus, our Defence.  
There floweth Life’s clear Water ; Living Bread the spirit  
stays :

There, on The King’s Fair Beauty, shall our eyes for  
ever gaze.

“Thus saith the Lord thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel; I am the Lord thy God, which teacheth thee to profit, which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go. O that thou hadst hearkened to My commandments! Then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea.”—Isaiah xlviii. 17, 18.

BECAUSE my heart is blind and dense, God as my Teacher  
will abide:

Because I am so weak and weary, He Himself will be  
my Guide.

His Teaching is not emptiness; His Word the inner soul  
can feed:

His Guidance through the darkness here, straight to  
Eternal Life doth lead.

Mark, O my soul, what He would teach thee: keep for  
ever still and mild;

In heart-seclusion following that loving guidance, as a  
child.

So, like a softly-swelling river, through thy depths shall  
flow great peace:

Then shall thy righteousness ebb forth, and like the  
ocean's waves increase.



“ Therefore the redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion ; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head : they shall obtain gladness and joy ; and sorrow and mourning shall flee away.”—Isaiah li. 11.

POOR heart, who in thyself so long imprisoned here hast  
lain ;

Whose longing spirit cannot yet to Freedom quite attain :  
Have patience yet a little : all the sighs will soon be past :  
Hear, thy Redeemer cometh ;—thou shalt be set free at  
last !

At last thou shalt find gladness, and thy spirit shall regain  
Its origin divine ; and praise its God with joyful strain.  
Sweet bliss shall crown thy head, in that Fair Life's  
Eternal Day :

All sighs from that still Element for ever flee away.

“ Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name ; thou art Mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee ; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee : when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned ; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God ; the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour.”—Isaiah xliii. 1, 2, 3.

GREAT Master, what am I, that thus Thy Love has  
reconciled,

And through Thy Precious Blood redeemed an earth-born,  
sinful child:—

That Thou hast called me by my name, and claimed me  
for Thine own!

Already, in the waters, Lord, Thy Presence I have known :  
And if through greater floods and fiery trials I must go,  
O be Thou near to hold me, that the streams may not  
o’erflow!

Let all my dross be purged away ; but keep Thou safe  
the gold:

My Saviour, through the Furnace, let me still Thy Form  
behold!

“Yea, in the way of Thy judgments, O Lord, have we waited for Thee: the desire of our soul is to Thy Name, and to the remembrance of Thee. With my soul have I desired Thee in the night; yea, with my spirit within me will I seek Thee early.”—Isaiah xxvi. 8, 9.

WHEN in His judgments' ways our God His own at times  
doth lead,

There doth He hide His Presence, and the way seems  
dark indeed.

Then do the Children's yearnings follow, searching for  
Him still;

Their hearts' intent set only on their God, and on His  
Will.

The striving of their spirits, and their inmost souls' desire  
Unto their only Treasure, and His Blessed Love, aspire.  
Their watch they keep from early dawn, and though the  
long, dark night;

Waiting to catch a glimpse of Him in Whom their souls  
delight.

“Yet shall not thy teachers be removed into a corner any more, but thine eyes shall see thy teachers ; and thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way ; walk ye in it ; when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left.”—Isaiah xxx. 20, 21.

WITH outward teachers must our hearts not always think  
to stay ;

The power that wakens us must come, and shortly pass  
away.

O happy soul, that in its depths its God can clearly see !  
Thus is The Teacher near, in Whom its perfect trust  
must be.

It heareth The Eternal Word speak in the still heart's  
ground,

“Turn thou to Mé from all things, Child ; so shall thy  
rest be found.

“This is The Way alone ; no other guidance dost thou  
need :

“But go straight on, and follow close My Teaching, as I  
lead.”

"I will declare thy righteousness, and thy works ; for they shall not profit thee. . . . But he that putteth his trust in Me shall possess the land, and shall inherit My Holy Mountain ; and shall say, "Cast ye up, cast ye up, prepare the way, take up the stumbling-block out of the way of My people."—Isaiah lviii 12, 13, 14.

THY works shall profit nothing:—would'st thou Canaan's  
Rest attain,

Learn how, made void of all things, calm and patient to  
remain.

Thus bared, flee thou for Refuge to The Father-Heart  
Divine,

Till the sweet Land of Peace, God's Holy Mountain,  
shall be thine.

Fair Mountain of God's Holiness—known only to His  
Eye;—

Still Country, where God's Peace doth bloom;—Land of  
Eternity!

Where the long pent-up spirit finds free space and open  
path;

And, in the Great Infinitude, full, boundless being hath.

“Verily, Thou art a God that hidest Thyself, O God of Israel, The Saviour.”—Isaiah xlv. 15.

O GOD, Thou Hidden One, in Whom we all have life  
When, in the spirit, wilt Thou shew Thyself to me?  
Vain is all Reason’s search ; but in the still, deep soul,  
The pure and single-hearted may conceive of Thee.  
Thy wonder-ways, O Saviour, who can fathom them,  
Through which Thy Love doth sanctify Thy children  
here ?

Who comprehend that poverty, contempt, and woe,  
As marks of glory to Thy hidden ones appear ?

“Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is : For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river ; and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green ; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit.”—  
Jer. xvii. 7, 8.

ON outward things rely not ;—not on wisdom of thine  
own ;

Nor good intentions, comfort, light :—God be thy Strength  
alone !

Trust Him with all thy being, and in fearless faith con-  
fide :

He standeth fast when all things fail : only in Him abide !  
Thrice blessed soul that, leaving all, stands rooted fast  
in God ;

Like some fair tree that by the waters spreads her root  
abroad.

In time of drought, and sorrow's heat, it dwells secure,  
serene :

From God its life-juice drawing, thus its leaf rests fresh  
and green.

“Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the Good Way, and walk therein ; and ye shall find rest for your souls. But they said, We will not walk therein.”—Jer. vi. 16.

How good is still that Ancient Way, the inner Christian  
life ;

In which, free from all semblances, and vain opinions’  
strife,

The Patriarchs, dead to the world, in far-off days abode ;  
Ever in faith, and love, and living intercourse with God !  
This, in these days’ supineness, men “mysterious doc-  
trine ” call :

They fear this Ancient Path, and will not ask for it at  
all.

O well for him who sees this way, and doth his eye-lids  
close,

And walks on trustingly therein, to the True Soul’s-  
Repose !



“The house was filled with the Cloud ; and the Court was full of the Brightness of the Lord’s Glory.”—Ezekiel x. 4.

WHEN God Himself the heart doth fill with purest Light  
of Light,

Then doth the soul adore Him, in the darkness of the  
night.

Nought can it taste or see :—it only *feels* that God is  
near ;

Discerns His Presence inwardly, though not in vision  
clear.

Yet when, e’en clouded, in the House dwells The  
Divinity,

His Glory all the Court shall fill with dazzling radiancy.

Then, in the mind and intellect, the purest lights shall  
shine ;

Work, word, and walk, transfigured glow, in that fair  
Light Divine.

“Am I a God at hand, saith the Lord, and not a God afar off? Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him? saith the Lord. Do not I fill Heaven and Earth? saith the Lord.”—Jer. xxiii. 23, 24.

IN God thou ever livest ; therefore seek Him not afar :  
Think not He sitteth There, shut in ;—high over moon  
and star ;

Wert thou but less distracted and disquieted in mind,  
In the stillness of the spirit, thou thy God should'st  
quickly find.

Thou Being ever near me, draw me closer to Thy Sight,  
That I with awe may walk within the Brightness of Thy  
Light !

I hide me not ; my soul lies bare ; Thou knowest my  
thoughts and will :

O leave my heart not empty, Lord, Who Heaven and  
Earth dost fill !

“I tell you the truth ; it is expedient for you that I go away ; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you : but if I depart, I will send Him unto you.”—John xvi. 7.

A CLOUD, the Spring of Life receiving, bears it far  
above :

How richly shall the clouds now rain from Heaven, in  
blessing love ;

Bringing to fainting hearts all gifts of comfort, grace, and  
power :—

Lord, o’er my heart let flow the streams of that life-giving  
Shower !

“ If ye, then, be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above ; not on things on the earth.”—Colossians iii. 1, 2.

THUS, nought remaineth here on earth to claim my  
spirit's love ;

My Heavenly Magnet toucheth me, and draweth me  
above.

He to Himself alone my heart's desires and thoughts  
hath bound ;

And, where my Treasure is, there, also, must my heart  
be found.

“ My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous.”—1 John ii. 1.

FAIN would I be a little child, the Father-Heart not  
grieving :

Fain would I be a little child, in loving and believing.  
Though even in the mire I fall, I still shall be His child,  
Whilst with The Father resteth still my Brother Unde-  
filed.

---

“ Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.”—  
Matt. xxviii. 20.

I LOOK on this and that, but One sole object crave to  
see ;—

Jesus, The Friend, abiding close—when far He seems  
to be.

Grant that, with child-like spirit, though I may not see  
Thee near,

Believing in Thy Presence, I may *know* that Thou art  
here !

“I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.”—John xiv. 2, 3.

HERE is there no repose for me ; here, never rest from  
care :

When shall I reach the place, O Lord, Thou dost for me  
prepare ;—

Where, into Thee I shall be led, far out of Time and  
Space ?

In Heaven itself, *Thou* only art my Soul's Abiding-Place.

---

“I come to Thee. Holy Father, keep through Thine Own Name those whom Thou hast given Me ; that they may be one, as We are.”—John xvii. 11.

LORD, we are given to Thee ; and by Thine own last  
Supplication

Thou wouldest keep us Thine. O may our love grow  
never cold !

Let us be ever one ; still clinging fast to Thee in spirit :  
Let us be ever one ; imprisoned close in Love's firm  
hold !

“Looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith ;  
Who, for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross,  
despising the shame : and is set down at the right hand of the  
Throne of God.”—Hebrews xii. 2.

RENOUNCE with calm contentment all the poor delights  
of earth-life :

Despise contempt and shame ; and bear thy daily  
burden on :

Soon will it all be ended ;—only fix thy gaze for ever  
On Jesus’ present Glory, and the work He here hath  
done.

---

“And hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in  
heavenly places, in Christ Jesus.”—Ephesians ii. 6.

TRANSPLANTED must I be. Through gifts and messages  
appealing,—

With coming and with going hence, Love may not thrive  
full well.

Ah, Jesus, take me Home ! Thou, Thou alone canst  
give me healing :

Planted in Heavenly soil, with Thee for ever let me  
dwell !

## DETACHED "FLOWERS."

---

### GOOD COURAGE.

O SOUL, be of good courage !    What avails thy troubled  
                 mood ?

To love, to love, to love, is all God asketh of the heart.  
Thou say'st "I am so evil !"—but I tell thee, God is  
                 Good !

O cast thyself on Him, and He shall bid thy fears depart !

---

### GOLD IS TRIED IN THE FIRE.

MAN thinks he loveth God full well ; but hath not yet  
                 been tried :

He tasteth this and that—and thinks his love will fast  
                 abide.

But he who, neither comfort, gifts, nor God's own Hand  
                 can see ;

And still can love Him well ;—*his* love must true and  
                 faithful be.



“THOU ART CAPTIVE.”

Love binds us fast. Man, doth thy heart in longing go  
Forth to the World and creatures? Thou art captive so.  
Take all my heart of love, O Jesus, unto Thee ;  
That I for evermore Thy prisoner may be !

---

ALL IN THE NAME OF GOD.

When thou would'st undertake a work, first lay thy heart  
Open to God's clear Light, all passive, bare, and still.  
Thine own heart's impulse curb ;—'twill bring but pain  
and smart.  
Do thou thy work in God :—then need'st thou fear no ill.

---

ENTIRE RESIGNATION.

Like to a leaf, light floating, would my spirit move,  
Will-less and passive wholly, through the air of God :  
No other will be mine for aye, but His alone !  
His gentlest warning-breath shall blow my will abroad.  
To do, or leave undone ; in pain, or rest to be ;—  
Lord, so Thy Will be done, 'tis all alike to me.

“WHERE IS GOD?”

REASON saith, “Where is God?”—and gazeth at the stars;  
“Where is the Sun?” enquireth one that is born blind.  
Ah, be thou but a child; then God is never far!  
Turn inwards;—there thy spirit shall His Presence find.

---

A TROUBLED SOUL.

O SOUL, give up lamenting;  
Tell Jesus all thy grief!  
Thy Helper is not distant;  
He gladly sends relief.  
Yield only to His Guidance;  
Give Him thy heart and will:  
His Hand shall break thy bondage,  
And keep thee calm and still.

---

“STAY AT HOME.”

THY heart so often calls for God, and yet it loves to roam;  
Thus, when He comes to visit thee, He finds thee not  
at home.

“LET THYSELF BE LED.”

HE that is clever, strong, and great, refuseth to be led ;  
The Faithful Shepherd's guiding Voice his spirit hath not  
known.

I am a weak and silly lamb, whom Jesus must direct :  
I keep Him in my sight, and listen for His Voice alone.

---

ACCORDING TO THE FOOD, SO IS THE LIFE.

FOR earthly things alone Earth's children ever pine ;  
Thus are their souls with nought but gloom and anguish  
filled.

Crave thou God only ! then shalt thou become divine,  
Joyous, and full of light:—so shall thy thirst be stilled.

---

“MY SECRET IS MY OWN.”

ALL thy joys and all thy sorrows  
Other eyes need never see :  
Only be content in either,  
When The Master looks on thee.

ONE THING IS NEEDFUL.

MEN seek so many things—and never find enough :

I am content whilst I one object, only, seek.

They have so much to do :—I, but one work alone:—

To listen silently to what my Lord shall speak.

---

“IT IS BEST TO GO HOME.”

AN, Pilgrim, be not weary :—yet a little while endure :

Keep weaned from all things round thee that must vanish  
like the wind.

The time grows ever shorter ; and thou soon shalt be at  
Home :

There, all thy soul desireth, with The Father thou shalt  
find.

---

EVERYTHING HAS ITS TIME.

To strive, believe, endure in patience,

Our work on earth must ever be ;

Full sight, enjoyment, rest in gladness,

Will follow, in Eternity.

THE HERO.

A CALM, still heart, all trustful  
In pain, and care,<sup>1</sup> and strife ;—  
Resigned to God for ever,  
For dying, and for life :—  
Where, on this earth-land, shall we find  
This perfect soul—this hero-mind ?

---

“IF THOU CANST NOT DO MUCH, THOU  
MUST KEEP QUIET.”

IF thou can'st do but little, then keep still, in calm endurance :  
Avoid, so far as in thee lies, what should be left undone.  
Wait patiently :—if in The Lord thy spirit resteth wholly,  
His Hand, in thee, and through thee, shall accomplish all alone.

---

“IT CONCERNS NOT THE STRANGER.”

I AM a pilgrim here ; therefore 'tis nought to me  
What, in this foreign world, the ways and customs be.

# HOW TO BEAR SUFFERING ARIGHT.

WOULD'ST thou a cross endure, as pleases God ?

Then, uncomplaining, bear it silently !

Look upon God alone, and not thy pain :

What He doth give thee, cannot evil be.

## THE WISE BEE.

ON every side I somewhat find that serveth me for food ;

My search is never vain, if all I seek be Heavenly good.

The Bee is ne'er confounded by the flowers' mixed forms  
unknown :

It seeks and sucks, not poison, but the inner sweets  
alone.

## THE TRANQUIL SOUL IS RICH.

THOU fain would'st have, now this, now that ;

Yet art thou still unsatisfied.

He hath The Giver, with the gifts,

Who calmly can in God abide.

“ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.”

ALL is not good, which outwardly so seemeth ;  
All is not ill, which thou so reckonest !  
His work is true, who seeks God's pleasure only :  
All other must be worthless, at the best.

---

THE PURGATORY OF LOVE.

LOVE is a searching Fire, that lets no dross remain :  
Self-seeking all is purged away in its keen blast.  
Give to that flame free, open space ; and fear no pain :  
It shall become a life of joy to thee at last.

---

JESUS TO THE SOUL.

WITHIN thyself thou dost retreat, to bear thy load alone :  
Am I not ever near—canst thou not tell it all to Me ?  
Would'st thou relieve thyself, O thou poor, feeble,  
helpless one ?  
I would so gladly help thee ;—only open-hearted be !

“SOON, SOON !”

YET a little while of sorrow ;  
    Soon shall end the toil and strife :  
Yet a little pain and trial ;  
    Soon sweet Death shall bring new Life.  
Yet a little time of longing ;—  
    To the Goal thou soon shalt come :  
Hold out for a little longer ;—  
    Soon thy heart shall reach its Home.  
Yet a little ; yet a little !  
    Soon shall come the blessed Day,  
When The King of Peace will bear thee  
    To His realms of Peace for aye !

---

“ABOVE THE CLOUDS BLOWS NO WIND.”

How blessed is the soul that in retirement can abide,  
    And riseth unto God, above all happiness and pain !  
It standeth fast and still, through all Earth's changes that  
    betide ;  
And presses on, through death, the true and perfect  
    Life to gain.



EVER READY.

PERCHANCE this present hour may be the last for me :  
Therefore, my soul all ready in my hands must be ;  
That I, when Jesus comes, in peaceful trust may say,  
“ There, Jesus, in Thy Hand my spirit now I lay.”

---

WHAT IS MELTED, FLOWS EASILY  
TOGETHER.

THE soul, in sorrow's crucible, is softened and brought  
low ;  
And, like the yielding ore, becometh molten in the heat :  
Till God at length flows through it, and the soul in God  
can flow :  
Then doth His Grace the bitter anguish of the Cross .  
make sweet.

---

FOOD ON THE JOURNEY.

THE food is self-denial ; and the daily bread is prayer :  
When one or other faileth us, true hunger we must bear.

## EVER CALM AND CLEAR.

KEEP thy spirit still and pure,  
Like the waters clear and bright ;  
That the Glorious Sun of Love  
Through thee shine with bliss and light.

---

## GOD LOVETH THOSE THAT LOVE HIM.

ASK not if God doth love thee. If to do His Will thou  
yearnest,  
Renounce the world and sin ; and from thyself divorced  
be.  
The end will not deceive thee. If thou lovest Him in  
earnest,  
Then be thy heart full well assured that God, too, loveth  
thee.

---

## SECLUSION.

HE that desireth much, will find much trouble :  
He that would nothing have, rests calm and still.  
In joy and comfort, and in fear and sorrow,  
Lie hidden in the peace of God's own Will.

“PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.”

TIME was, my heart would choose itself an hour and  
place,  
Where, all alone, it might communion hold with Thee,  
Now, in the silence of the soul, I crave Thy Grace;  
And find true solitude, wherever I may be.

---

COURAGE.

HE that would follow God must be courageous ;  
Not evermore in fear and anguish live.  
Give thyself up to Him : care not for trouble :  
Faith shall bring light ; and Love all strength shall give.

---

EVERYTHING IN ITS OWN ORDER.

A GENTLE, yielding will, that as a child would guided be :  
A head, full of all loving thoughts ; from vain devices free :  
A heart that, loose from all things, loveth God alone full  
well :  
Reason and senses blind and dead :—thrice blessed, thus  
to dwell !

WITH THE HOLY, ONE BECOMES HOLY.

WITH God's own friends to cherish friendship  
 Brings untold blessing, strength, and grace.  
 The soul that holds with God communion  
 Draws other souls to seek His Face.

---

AFTER SHORT SORROW COMES ETERNAL  
 JOY.

IF God sends trials, bear them willingly :  
 He that loves Jesus must His Cross not shun.  
 These days of sorrow, now so hard to bear,  
 Shall bring thee blessed joy, when life is done.

---

“THROUGH STRAITNESS INTO GREATNESS.”

FAINT not, O soul, in paths of trial and of sorrow!  
 When gold is in the Furnace, the Refiner is at hand.  
 The dearest of His sons The Lord most deeply  
     chastens :—  
 Through Golgotha must lie the road that leads to Hea-  
     ven's fair Land.

GOD HOLDS HIM FAST, WHO TRUSTS  
HIMSELF TO HIM.

IN sorrows, pain, and trials, trust to God thy whole  
condition ;

Leave Him to act for ever ; and all calm and patient  
rest.

We forge ourselves new sorrows by our hearts' vain  
opposition :

Let go thy soul ! and it shall fall upon thy Father's  
Breast.

---

HE WHO CLEAVES TO NOTHING, DWELLS  
IN REST.

FROM all created things, and from thyself,

Thy spirit loosened be :

What God doth take away, give up to Him,

And love Him perfectly !

The soul, thus bared of all, can rise on high,

And in God freely soar,

And dwell in blessed stillness, where no storms

Can touch it ever more.

BITTER TO THE TASTE, BUT WHOLESOME.

WHEN God Himself unto the soul in love draws near,  
 Then falleth lightly on us Sorrow's heaviest load ;  
 Yet none the less of fruit and blessing doth it bear,  
 If in the darkness also we lie still in God.

---

JESUS TO THE SOUL.

My child, give Me thy heart, thine understanding, and  
 thy will :  
 Henceforth thine every action by My voice directed be !  
 Look ever unto Me alone, and keep thee low and still ;  
 That all thy thoughts, desires, and love, for ever rest in  
 Me.

---

HE THAT LOVES GOD ALONE, REMAINS  
 UNTRoubLED.

WOULD'ST thou for ever joyful live ?  
 In God be all thy gladness !  
 Comfort and joy in all things else  
 At last will bring thee sadness.

THE GATHERING.

WHITHER away, with heart, and thoughts, and longings ?

Gather together what is strewed abroad !

And, through Eternity's One living Centre,

Let flow the powers of love direct to God !

Let all things go ! then shalt thou find *The One* ;

And all that heart can need, in that alone.

---

JESUS TO THE SOUL.

CLEAR out thy heart, and all, for Me :

The house is Mine—dear child, be still !

Sit down, and watch Me silently,

Whilst through each part I work My Will.

---

THE BLESSED RETREAT.

MAY the whole world, its fairest and its sweetest,

Be to thy spirit as a desert wild :

Thine own heart be thy secret place of refuge,

Where God shall hold communion with His child.

“IT WILL SOON BE ACCOMPLISHED.”

AFTER rain, gleams forth the blessed sunshine ;  
 After cold and storm, come summer days :  
 Sweet rest follows after cross and sorrow ;  
 Happiness the pain at last allays.  
 Now, 'tis day ;—and now, the night draws nigh :—  
 Soon, “ Fulfilled ! ” shall be our joyful cry.

---

“I AWAIT THE VISIT.”

GLAD tidings reach me from my Lord ;—that He,  
 My spirit's Bridegroom, soon will come to me :  
 Therefore I stay at home by night and day,  
 Lest He should come whilst I am far away.

---

“WHAT STANDS OUTSIDE CONCERNS  
 THEE NOT.”

ALL outer things, leave standing there !  
 They bring but care and strife.  
 To walk, in soul, with God alone,  
 Brings rest, and joy, and life.



ADAM'S DEATH IS CHRIST'S LIFE.

As Nature's life within thy soul shall disappear,  
The more the Life of Christ shall be revealed in thee :  
Slay, then, what can be slain ; nor cross nor sorrow fear !  
What of the Old is lost, in Christ made new shall be.

---

“SINK DOWN, AS A LITTLE CHILD,  
IN THE TENDER MERCY.”

SWEET and bitter ;  
Joy and sorrow ;—  
All that Jesus sends is best.  
Lie still, only,  
In the Cradle :  
In His Keeping take thy rest.

---

OBEDIENCE IS BETTER THAN SACRIFICE.

HE serves and loves God better, who can break his own  
self-will,  
Than he who doth some mighty work of his own mind  
fulfil.

AS WITH GOD ALONE.

WHATE'ER may come, receive from God, as good :  
Towards Him, submissive be thy spirit's mood.  
On God, thy life, with all its burdens, cast :  
Think more of Him than self, from first to last.  
Ah, Loving God, the soul that joys in Thee,  
Can find with Thee delight, in misery !

---

THE FREEDOM OF THE CHILDREN OF  
GOD.

O NOBLE Freedom his, whose soul apart doth lie  
From all that is not God, in blessed, will-less rest !  
Untouched by cares and sorrows, it abides on high,  
Where nought can mar its shelter on The Father's  
Breast.

---

“WITHOUT DISSIMULATION.”

LET all thy deeds be right and true ;  
And never act a part :  
With God Himself thou hast to do,  
Who looketh on the heart.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

FORGET thyself, O sinner, and thy sins' full surging tide :  
Look up to Jesus—so shalt thou find mercy in His  
sight !

Live on for ever thus—beholding Him, and nought  
beside ;

Till, through that gaze transfigured, thou become a Child  
of Light.

---

THE SELF-DRAWING LOVE.

God's Love, my living Magnet, draweth me,

With soft, yet all-resistless, inward force ;

So that my spirit walketh in His ways :

It walks, and runs ; but burdens not its course

With too much action ;—lives without a will ;—

Sinks into God's Own Bosom, and is still.

---

“THOU BEHOLDEST GOD WHEN THINE  
EYES ARE CLOSED.”

WHOSO his eyes to self and all things here doth close,  
Beholdeth God in Light ; and dwells in sure repose.

“THE SON MAKETH FREE INDEED.”

FROM thyself and all things  
Would'st thou loosened be ?  
Keep in spirit close to Christ ;  
And He shall make thee free.

---

CONCLUSION.

STAY not too long amongst these flowers, my reader ;  
Let but their scent refresh thee on thy way :  
Go, through these gifts, to God Himself, The Giver ;  
Till thou shalt enter Paradise for aye.

THE END.

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